THE

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

N. 299.

WEDNESDAY, *January* 16, 1751.

WE *hope our Readers will not be displeased with the following mournful Lines, composed last Night in the ancient* TUESDAY CLUB *in this City, bewailing the present lamentable Indisposition of their worthy* PRESIDENT.

LUGUBRIS CANTUS.

In Imitation of *Spencer*, Author of *the Fairy Queen.*

THE Members of the *ancient* TUESDAY CLUB,
Sat nodding o'er their Pipes, in pensive mood,
Whiles' at each Whiff a heavy Sigh and Sob
Burst forth, and eke, of briny Tears a Flood.
The Chair bereft of COLE, deserted stood;
Bereft of COLE, the Club's main prop and stay:
For why? in COLE is center'd all their Good:
And not a Sound was heard but '*laks and 'well a Day!*'

The *Deputy*, with Phyz demure and sad,
And Groans repeated, eyed the Members round;
The *Champion* lost his Courage fierce and Drad,
And the *Musician* his melodious Sound.
Each countenance sad was fixed on the Ground,
And sullen Silence spread her influence,
As if the Club had got a mortal Wound;
Depriv'd of COLE I ween, their Safeguard and Defence.

The GENIUS of the CLUB, beheld from high,
In what dire dumps the Members sunken were,
She from *Olympus'* top Straitway did fly,
And like a *Ghost* in midst of them appear:
She ask'd of them the Cause of all their Care.
"What dismal hap, my Souls, has you befallen?
"Compose yourselves, forbear to gape and stare,
"Your piteous Case I hope's not desperate, past abiding.

"If my Celestial Pow'r can you relieve,
"On that Support you safely may rely;
"Forbear, my Sons, forbear to sigh and grieve."——
"—*Ah! grievous was't*, said they, *if* COLE *should Die!*—
"Woe's me! (then dith'ring Mouth'd *Genius* cry)
"If COLE should Die, your Glory's at an End:
"But Courage, I'll back to *Olympus* fly,
"And urge almighty *Jove* the fatal Stroke to fend.

"My earnest Pray'rs, perhaps, the hand of *Jove*
"May stay, and eke avert the destin'd blow,
"—But first, to show my heartiness and Love,
"My Sons, I'll taste your Punch before I go:
"Long then may mighty COLE his Visage show
"In that exalted noble *Chair of State*,
"And may he Rule a Thousand Years and more,
"This *ancient* TUESDAY CLUB, e're he submit to fate."

She spoke, and fled; the Members all uprous'd,
With new-born Joy each Countenance was crown'd;
Her kindly Words new Courage soon infus'd,
And with a smile the sparkling Bowl went round.
The Hall re-echo'd with a joyful Sound,
And every Lip dipt deep into the Bowl:
That soon all Grief in jovial Mirth was drown'd,
And all the jolly Song was, *Long Live Noble* COLE.

From a late LONDON GAZETTEER, 1750.

SIR,

UPON perusing some of the Magazines, I observed a Set of Speeches spoke, or supposed to be spoke on certain public Occasions; which, as I did not readily comprehend the View of the Author, I was naturally led into an Inquiry concerning them, and have had the good Luck to be informed, that such Things are much read and considered amongst a certain Set of Men in the City of London, and other Towns and Corporations, as it instructs the Magistracy, or those who intend to rise to it, in the Art of Eloquence. I have indeed often wondered to hear some Men of no great Parts shine in this Way, and with great Spirit and Address keep up the Ball, and talk half an Hour upon a Subject, that in the Laconic Way might very well have been delivered in six well-digested Sentences.

But it seems, that the Pride of Oratory has extended itself not only over this Nation in particular, but has, if I may so express myself, infected all our Plantations, where it is said, that our Speeches in Parliament, are a very good Commodity to trade in, because from them, as in a new Athenian Academy, every Man who will apply himself closely, and speak with Temper and Deliberation, may readily become an Orator; and as one Man has, or supposes himself to have, as good Talents as another, so every one purchases these Pieces of Eloquence to instruct him in the prevailing Art.

I am told, I know not how truly, that this is become so much a Fashion in America, that Infants are trained up to it from their Cradles, and are taught by their Mothers to lisp the Learning of a British Parliament as soon as they can well speak. From this great and laudable Part of Education great Masters are expected in the Event, and more than one Mother has the best Reasons to hope, that from them will one Day spring another Roman Cicero, or another Græcian Demosthenes, that is to say, Men as greatly formed, and as happily endowed, as either of them. However, I cannot help thinking, but that this extraordinary growing Emulation in America is a kind of waging War with the City Orators. But, I shall only consider further, for what Reason it is, that Men affect Verbosity, or the Multiplication of Words, when they might deliver themselves more to the purpose by a cool and temperate Brevity: This seems to me either to result from a Vanity of hearing themselves talk, a Design to amuse or perplex their Auditors, or that their Ideas of the Subject are so separated and dispersed, that it requires a long Space of Time to get them together, and range them in Battle-Array, prepared for a loquacious Combat. This last may account for a Course of tedious Intervals, where the Point in Debate has no Share, and may sometimes discompose the Person who intends to reply, by filling his Head with Matter nothing to the Purpose, and thereby eradicating all that is essential. As this may prove Matter of Triumph, to it feeds the Vanity of the Orator, who, finding himself too powerful for his Adversary, to gain that End, makes no Scruple of talking himself out of Breath, and then sits down crowned with Applause.

I could give several Instances of our City Orators, who make no mean Figure in the Senate House; but my Business is to silence them for a while, that they may attend to the Distance of one, who has more than once shone in Public, without presuming to wander from his Subject, or in any Respect to cheat or amuse his Audience; this is the celebrated Mr. JACOB ILIVE, the Soul of Orators, and the Prince of Printers, who being thoroughly sensible of the great Advantages flowing from his Art, has given us, as the Reader will see below,

below, a Taste of his Skill in true Laconic Rhetoric, never playing with, or losing Sight of his Subject; but questions and answers himself in so close a Manner, and with so much Learning and Erudition, as may prove a happy Example to the most shining Orators in the London Common Council: Nor is it unnecessary here to inform the Reader, that it was delivered at a general Meeting of the Master Printers the 18th Day of July last, and at their Desire, with a *Salve tu quoque*, Printed.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

The SPEECH *of Mr.* JACOB ILIVE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is Part of the Duty of the Office * and Dignity, I this Day sustain among You, to congratulate You on your present Convention. Public Association and Festivity are Tokens of Brotherly Love and Friendship; and this Act of Ours is the greatest mutual *Salve tu quoque*, we are capable of.

'Tis with great Pleasure I behold among You, that great Ornament and Adorner † of Our Art, whom We and Our Posterity shall always revere; as He has been greatly instrumental, in Conjunction with Us, in bringing the same nearer Perfection, and which must be an everlasting Honour to Us, and to this Kingdom.

As to the Art and Mystery we are engaged in, it may with great Veracity be affirmed, that there is no Art, Science, or Profession in the World, but what owes its Orgin, at least its Progress and present Perfection, to the free Exercise of the Art of Printing. Where is the Man, be he Divine, Astronomer, Mathematician, Lawyer, Physician, or what else, who is not beholden to Us?

Shall we mention Religion? It is plain from the many pious and good Books, Comments, Expositions, Manuals, and the like, the Press daily and hourly, as it were, exhibits to the World, that we are almost become the sole Promoters thereof; at least this we may say, that we are, in this degenerate Age, one of its main Supports.

Does the Prince speak from the Throne? It is We who echo his Words to all his Subjects, and proclaim them to every distant Nation.

Does the Architect say, he is not beholden to Us? We can with Justice let him know, that it is owing to our Art, that the Cave has arisen to a House, the Dungeon to a Palace, and the Grove to a stately and magnificent Temple.

Will the Statesman and Politician say, they stand in no Need of our Mystery, when it is beyond Contradiction Fact, that we teach them the Secrets and Arcana of Government; and that they are many Times more obliged to Us, than to their Bullets and Gunpowder, the roaring Cannon, and the noisy Din of War?

Are the beautiful Part of the Creation indebted to Us? It is we who form their Minds, and teach them tender Love; it is We who render them polite, agreeable to Society, a Pleasure to themselves and the Delight of all Men.

Reflecting on the extensive Usefulness of this Our Art to convey the Knowlege of Things and Occurrences to distant Nations, and to latest Posterity, made holy Job cry out in that pathetic Expression of his, *O that my Case was printed in a Book!*

As to future Discoveries in Art and Nature, this our Science must be acknowleged as a true and real Step mother; and without the least Arrogance we may venture to affirm, that if ever the Longitude be found out, it will, it must be alone owing to Us.

Many have been the Attempts to restrain the Liberty of the Press, but none have hitherto succeeded, and it is greatly to be hoped never will; but if it should ever be restrained, it ought, it must be look'd on by all wise and good Men, as one of the greatest Evils that can possibly befall a free and brave People.

When I consider the general Utility of this our truly Teutonic Art, I cannot help saying, What great Pity it is, that the Professors do not meet with an adequate Encouragement, suitable to the Labour and Pains they take in the Exercise of it; but this verifies the old Proverb, That true Merit seldom or never meets with its Reward: And we may conclude, from the present Situation of Affairs, that in Our Case it never can, nor ever will.

* *Steward.*

† *William Caslon*, Esq; Letter-Founder.

The TABLE-BATTLE; or, the Canonical GAMESTERS. *A Tragi-Comic* TALE.

OF two Battalions set in Rank and File,
And of the various Plunder and the Spoil;
How each th' Approaches of the other dreads,
With two sagacious *Generals* at their Heads;
How *Shot* the *Elephantine Tooth* becomes,
And *Bones* rattle in the stead of *Drums*;
How Luck and Skill alternately advance;
(The Force of Judgment, and the Pow'r of Chance)
Of Passions overflowing in a Trice,
And all the dreadful Tyranny of *Dice*,
I sing:——Instruct me to recount the Fray;
And give me Patience,——more than when I pray.

A doughty Friar, *Fabris* was his Name,
Of sober Aspect, and of goodly Frame,
In *Table-Battles* many a Foe had slain;
And was become the Champion of the Plain.
Wiser in Art, he bolder grew in Arms,
And all the Country dreaded his Alarms.
The holy Brotherhood with Terror struck,
All the Lay-herd were Victims to his Luck:
The Males against him never could succeed,
And all the weaker Sex were weak indeed:
For in this *Table-War* the Fair engage,
And make sometimes an *Amazonian* Age.

Nothing could stop the Friar's warin Career;
Some fell for Want of Fortune, some for Fear:
In num'rous Conflicts he had never fail'd;
When *Art* fell short, the mighty *Dice* prevail'd.
Thus the great * *Swede* triumphantly went on,
And Battles, without Number Battles won;
Vanquish'd his Enemies without Controul;
The hardy *Russian*, and the rugged *Pole*.

But let not this, my Friend, elate thy Mind;
Survey the dubious Casualties behind:
See the great *Charles* at last to Fortune yield!
At last view † *Peter* Master of the Field!
Hence Caution learn: Oh! learn to be afraid,
And keep secure the Conquests thou hast made;
Lest thou art forc'd thy Trappings to resign,
And the renown'd ‡ *Pultowa*'s Fate be thine.

The Friar's Fame, extended far and near,
Had reach'd at last a Brother Friar's Ear.
He too, in *Table-Battles* early taught,
From *Alma Mater* had the Science brought:
Proposing wisely some Diversion hence,
If doom'd to toil in *Essex*, or the *Fens*.
Vitulus deem'd it but a pious Care,
Both to revenge the Holy and the Fair;
And Expectation of the coming Sport,
Made a long, sultry, tedious Journey short.
They met: And dauntless as the fatal Board
The Signal gave.——*Sixs Quatre* was the Word,
Fabris, with Pleasure sparkling in his Eyes,
Braves his new Foe, and all his Art defies;
He then his Troops in martial Order plac'd;
Vitulus did the same, and boldly fac'd:
(His valiant Troops the *Olive* Colour boast,
And *Fabris* led the *Ethiopian* Host)
The Battle moves: The wary Chiefs look round,
To see, and gain th' Advantage of the Ground.

For the first Onset *Fabris* did prepare,
And *Quatre Sixs* began the mighty War.
(This was a Service he perform'd by Rote,
And got the ‖ *Point* that stained with his Coat)
Vitulus then, two *Sixes* by his Side,
Came rushing forward with a manly Stride.
Fabris as yet conceal'd his inward Pain,
Deux Ace oppos'd, but oh! oppos'd in vain:
Homeward three Paces mov'd, he singly stood,
And stopt directly in *Vitulus*'s Road.
This is my Pris'ner, Sir, *Vitulus* cries,
And if he meets me once again, he dies.

Fabris

* *The late King of* Sweden. † *The* Czar.

‡ *The Place where the* Czar *routed the King of* Sweden.

‖ *The Pawn's Point.*

Fabris attempts to place him in the Field,
And *Sixes* were his *Buckler* and his Shield.
With those alas! he no Admittance found:
The Enemy began to seize the Ground.
With *Treys* into an empty Space he ran,
And got a *Guard* too for his *Naked Man*.
Trois Ace for *Fabris* did Admittance gain,
And he possess'd him of the homeward Plain.
Duce Ace stept forth, and took him on the *Pates*;
He falls a Victim to his adverse Fate:
And when he came again, he came too late.
No Room for his untimely *Quatorz* now;
Two *Treys* again pursu'd the fatal Blow,
Filling a Space, and moving forwards too.
Fabris attempts the Trenches once again;
But *Cinque* and *Quator* made th' Attempt in vain:
Vituleo presses on with *Cinque* and *Duce*,
And made the future Blows of little Use,
This for a Rampart he design'd to keep,
O'er which the nimblest Warrior could not leap.
In Safety now the *Olivz* Squadrons move;
In vain the *Ethiopian* Pris'ners strove,
In Number Three; they could no farther go,
Coop'd up within the Trenches of the Foe.
The Friar almost did his Faith renounce,
And lost a triple Victory at once.
Another Battle *Fabris* then demands;
But found that Fortune had forsook his Hands:
Quite vanquish'd, he began to sue for Peace;
And still *Vituleo*'s Triumphs did increase.
A little Truce concludes th' unequal Fight,
And this, like others, ended with the Night.
The Morn advanc'd, *Vituleo* was the same;
And *Fabris* did the whole Creation blame:
The ruder Passions to Expression swell,
And the poor faultless *Dice* are wish'd at H—ll.
Oh! had the Devil on this Method hit,
To try the *patient Man* in *Holy Writ*;
Satan had then succeeded in his Plot,——
Back Gammon would have done, what he could not!
Innumerable Battles then were fought;
Innumerable Victories were got.
Fabris was lavish of his former Gains,
And almost yielded up his whole *Domains*:
Unable his ill Fortune to endure,
Pawn'd the contingent Profits of his *Cure*;
The growing *Capp'ces* now were scarcely safe,
The Pig, the Goose, the Turkey, and the Calf,
Made Stake of Things Abroad, and Things at Home,
And ransack'd ev'ry Corner of his *Dome*.
At last, despairing, he himself addrest
To one more precious Corner than the rest;
Advancing sly, with undiscover'd Stealth!
He mounts a Chimney, conscious of his Wealth;
Plays the Mechanic in the dusty Scene,
And with his *Cassock* sweeps the Chimney clean.
Now Crowns, and Guineas, and Pistoles were taken
Forth from the gloomy *Treasury* of *Bacon*;
Stor'd in the Dark Recesses of a Cleft,
Both from himself secure, and Midnight Theft.
The od'rous Place th' enfranchis'd Money shows,
And is an Information to the Nose.
Vituleo, still victorious, gains the Spoil;
The Chimney can do nothing now, but boil.
The shining Tenants to *Vituleo* fled,
The empty *Sachel* was in Triumph led,
And, to new Offices converted strives
To clean his sullied Table, and his Knives.
So have I seen the nimble Eele disgrac'd,
And by a rude Barbarity uncas'd:
The Meat made ready for the hungry Lip,
And the tough Out side dwindled to a Whip,
Hung up, expos'd in mercinary Shops,
The Sport of Boys, and Punishment of Tops.
Now Heaps of antient Manuscripts were brought,
With which before the Parish had been taught.
Your *Doctrines* I refuse, *Vituleo* cry'd,
And to accept a *Pawn* from *Heav'n* deny'd.
The *Victor* deem'd them an improper Stake,
And spar'd the *Pastes* for the *People*'s Sake!
Sav'd him the cruel Labour of his Skull,
And many a quaint *epitome* from *Bull*,
Now slumbers *Tillotson* in Dust secure,
Destin'd no new Transcriptions to endure;
Now *Sanderson* shall with his Conscience sleep,
And *Nelson* his own Holidays may keep.
Fabris now smiles, on second Thoughts, to find
That all his petty Volumes were behind;
Rejoices in his undiminish'd Stock,
And still retales 'em weekly to his Flock.
But guess the Torments which he felt at Night,
After the Shock of this disastrous Fight!
With Dreams of *Boxes* and of *Dice* oppress,
His Eyes knew none but interrupted Rest:
Duce Ace pursues him with repeated Spite,
And is the Vision of the tedious Night.
To bear ill Luck was more than he could do,
And be tormented with the Shadow too.
From Side to Side he turn'd, and turn'd again:
Words can't express the Friar's anxious Pain.
The dreadful Apparition of a *Box*
His broken Slumbers ev'ry Moment mocks.
Provok'd at last with this continu'd Scoff,
He threw the Bed-cloaths, and his Slumbers off;
Down Stairs he flies, with unimagin'd Speed,
Determin'd to perform a glorious Deed.
The *Tables*, the first Objects of his Ire,
Were headlong thrown directly in the Fire:
They crack'd, and fum'd, and sparkled as they fir'd,
And mock'd the Passions they had once inspir'd.
And next the *Dice*, the chief Offenders, went,
In Vice Companions, and in Punishment:
By them to many a sinful Word betray'd,
He for Attonement a Burnt Off'ring made.
As yet unsatisfyed, the *Boxes* last:
He on the Flames with Indignation cast:
"Go burn, go burn, ye Ministers of Vice,
"And rattle, if you can, the calcin'd *Dice!*
The One soon yielded to the pow'rful Flame,
And Dust and Ashes instantly became;
The Other, of a harder Substance form'd,
Obey'd not, but instead of burning warm'd;
Of Brass compos'd, no Alteration knew,
But as it hotter than his Passion grew.
This *Box* had waited on *Fabris*' self,
And many Years been Servant on the Shelf;
Contain'd a Spice immoderately warm,
Which often does some Good, and often Harm,
Fabris, now recollecting what was best,
The antient Service of his *Box* confess'd;
Himself for his Precipitation blames,
And gravely takes it from the dying Flames.
Resplendent on the Cupboard now it shines,
And does the wanted Office when he dines:
Doom'd justly to th' eternal Want of *Dice*,
Is now confin'd to Pepper and to Spice.
Fabris, thus cur'd of his long Thirst of Game,
And by his adverse Fortune render'd tame,
The *Sunday* after his ill Fate bemoan'd,
And his bad Conduct in a *Lecture* own'd;
Put on *Forbearance* with his *Sable Robe*,
And preach'd on the most *patient Text* in Job.

ANNAPOLIS.

Our Bay is now so clear of Ice, that Boats can cross it.

We are informed by a Schooner, which came up from *Virginia* last Sunday, that in the late great Storm in *December*, a Boat with 7 or 8 People in her, crossing from *York Town* to *Norfolk*, was drove ashore upon *Crainy Island*, where they every one Perish'd.

That at *York Town*, the Storm has done a great deal of Damage, the Tide being very high.

A few Days ago, a Man walking on the Ice, near *Kent-Island*, fell through and was Drowned.

IN Pursuance of a late Act of Assembly, Notice is hereby given, That there is at the Plantation of Mr. *Joshua Gaither*, at the Head of *Severn*, in *Anne Arundel* County, taken up as a Stray, one Grey Mare, about 14 Hands high, and suppos'd to be about 15 or 16 Years old, has no Brand perceivable, but a good many dark Spots.

ALSO, a small Sorrel Mare, with four white Feet and Hoofs, and a white Face and Nose, branded on the near Buttock with a single Dot.

The Owner or Owners may have them again, on proving their Property, and paying Charges.

WANTED,

A LIKELY, healthy, young Negro Woman, That can do all Sorts of Houshold Work. Enquire of the Printer hereof.

BARBADOES Rum, Sugar, Melasses, Loaf Sugar, sundry sorts of *European* Wines, *Ratafia*, *Orgeat*, *Capillaire*, Black Velvet, Paduasoy, Chocolate, *Florence* Oyl, Bar Iron, and *Scots* Snuff, to be sold by the Subscriber, at his House in *Annapolis*.

WILLIAM THORNTON.

WANTED,

A Sober careful Man, to take Care of a Parcel of Workmen, deliver out their Provisions, &c. and to give some Directions on a small Plantation; such an One, well recommended, and of an honest Character, will hear of a good Place, by enquiring of the Printer hereof.

SAMUEL MIDDLETON, *in* ANNAPOLIS,

HEREBY gives Notice to the Public, That he now keeps good Boats, and skilful Hands, for crossing the Bay, in all Weathers, with Passengers, Horses, or Carriages; where all Gentlemen and others may meet with constant Attendance, and kind Usage.

TURLINGTON's Balsam of Life, *Stoughton's* Bitters, Long *London* Pipes by the Box or Gross, and Snops, to be sold very Cheap, by *Samuel Middleton*, at his House on the Dock in *Annapolis*.

IF Mr. WILLIAM PROBART, who lived in *St. Mary's* County, in the Year 1739, will apply to Dr. DAVID ROSS at *Bladensburg*, he will be informed of a considerable Legacy, left to him in *England*.

STOLEN or Strayed out of the Subscriber's Pasture, on the 7th Day of *November* last, a large Grey Gelding, branded on the near Shoulder T, and on the near Buttock B, some Saddle Spots on his Back, hanging Mane, Switch Tail, several black Spots on his Buttocks, and his Gaits are all very hard.

Whoever takes up the said Gelding, and brings him to the Subscriber, at *West-River*, shall have Twenty Shillings Reward.

JOSEPH COWMAN.

RAN away from *Annapolis*, on the 24th of *November* past, a Servant Man, named *Benjamin Duncaster*, but commonly goes by the Name of *Chance*, a Shoemaker by Trade. He is about 5 Feet 8 Inches high, much Mark'd with the Small-Pox, and has lost a piece out of the right side of his Nose. He was sold for Prison Fees at last *November* Court, and Purchased by Mr. *Robert Swan*; he was formerly a Servant to Mr. *William Roberts*, in *Annapolis*, and to the Widow *Roberts*, near *Upper-Marlborough*, where he once broke Prison. He is supposed to be gone towards *Port-Tobacco*, where it is thought he is Harbour'd by a Woman. He had on a Pair of Check Trowsers and Shirt, a blue Jacket and a white Linnen Cap.

Whoever takes up the said Runaway, and delivers him either to Mr. *Henry Wantbope*, Merchant at *Port-Tobacco*, or the Subscriber at *Annapolis*, shall have Forty Shillings Reward, besides what the Law allows, paid by

ROBERT CONDEN.

The following very beneficial Laws, which were passed last Session, is published in this Paper for the Advantage of such who are as yet unacquainted with it; the Gazette, or News Paper, falls into the Hands of more People, than Bodies of Laws.

A Supplementary Act to the Act entitled, An Act concerning the Height of Fences, to prevent the Evil occasioned by the Multitude of Horses, and restraining Horse Rangers within this Province; and to redress the great Evil accruing to this Province by the Multiplicity of sickly Horses, Mares, and Colts, that run in the Woods.

WHEREAS, it is Enacted by the above recited Act, *That whenever any Horse, Mare, or Gelding shall break into any Corn-field, or other Inclosure, and the Owner be not known, that then, and in all such Case, it shall and may be lawful for the Party grieved to take up such Horse, Mare or Gelding so trespassing, and the same to carry before the next Magistrate, who shall be obliged to take an Account of the Marks of such Beasts, both natural and artificial, which the Person aggrieved shall set up in the most public Places in the same County; and until the Owner shall be known, it shall and may be lawful for such injured Person to use and employ such Horses, Mares and Geldings, without incurring the Penalties in this Act herein after imposed, not injuring such Beast by any careless or wilful Means; which Beast shall be delivered in good Order to the Person owning the same, proving his Property by the Testimony of one Witness, before any Magistrate.* Which Method by Experience is found inconvenient to the Owner or Owners of such Horses, Mares or Geldings, they being very often kept for a considerable Time in the Possession of the Party by whom such Horse, Mare or Gelding are taken up, before the same comes to the Knowlege of the Owner of such Horse, Mare or Gelding: For Prevention whereof

Be it Enacted by the Right Honourable the Lord Proprietary, by and with the Advice and Consent of his Lordship's Governor, and the Upper and Lower Houses of Assembly, and the Authority of the same, That from and after the End of this Session of Assembly, the Party grieved, who shall take up such Horse, Mare or Gelding, trespassing as aforesaid, shall be, and is hereby obliged and directed to set up such Account, so taken by the Magistrate as aforesaid; describing the Marks of such Beasts, both natural and artificial, at the Court House Door, and other public Places, in the County where such Horse, Mare or Gelding shall be taken up, within five Days after such Account taken; and moreover cause the Marks natural and artificial of such Horse, Mare or Gelding, to be recorded amongst the Records of such County Court, within five Days after such Account shall be taken; and cause the same to be published in the *Maryland* Gazette, in six Months after such Account shall be taken, and the Expences arising thereon shall be paid by the Owner or Owners of such Horse, Mare or Gelding, at the Time of his receiving any such Horse, Mare or Gelding; any Law, Usage, or Custom, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

And be it also Enacted, That if any Person within this Province shall now have in his or her Possession any such Horse, Mare or Gelding, so taken up as aforesaid, he or she shall be, and is hereby obliged and directed, within sixty Days after the End of this Session of Assembly, to set up an Account of such Horse, Mare or Gelding, taken by some Magistrate as aforesaid, describing the Marks both natural and artificial of such Beasts, and the same to publish, record and advertise, in the same Manner that any Person is obliged by this Act to do, in relation to any Horse, Mare or Gelding, which shall be taken up after the End of this Session; any Thing in the aforesaid recited Act to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

And be it further Enacted, That any Person that shall take up such Horse, Mare or Gelding, and that shall act contrary to the Directions of this Act, shall for every such Offence forfeit the Sum of Thirty Pounds Current Money, one Half to the Informer, the other Half to the Party grieved; to be recovered in any County Court of this Province, by Action of Debt, Bill, Plaint or Information, wherein no Essoyn, Protection, or Wager of Law, nor more than one Imparlance, shall be allowed.

This Act to continue three Years, and into the End of the next Session of Assembly which shall happen after the Expiration of three Years.

ANNAPOLIS: Printed by JONAS GREEN, POST-MASTER, at his PRINTING OFFICE in *Charles-Street*; where Advertisements are taken in, and all Persons may be supplied with this Paper.